## THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

Once upon a time there lived three fair maidens who made a solemn compact of perpetual spinsterhood, and signed the agreement in true Draconian fashion.

the male sex, and being assured that the friendship of each of the two others for the third"-it took them a long time to bring this idea into shape-"will be amply sufthis idea into shape—"will be amply sufficient for our wants in life, solemnly undertake never to marry, but to stay by each other, admitting no fourth party to our circle, and when we leave school to live all together happily in a little house until death do us part."

tales of poschers, and how they were going to lie in wait for certain piratical scoundrels who practiced otter-fishing of nights; but when she wondered how they could train a beast, which she had never heard was noted for its intelligence, they were hugely delighted. Now, an "otter" is a flat board, with casts and flies attached to it, which is floated down stream. until death do us part."

Then each of them pricked her finger and scratched her mitials at the foot of the page. They could not do more, for the supply of fluid ran short, and you see they did not want to hurt themselves more than was absolutely necessary.

Marion and Annabel were the leading

Marion and Annabel were the leading spirits in this conjuration. Marion had an elder brother who delighted in ferreting and shooting rabbits, and said that Tennyson and Mrs. Browning were all "rot;" so her contempt for man is intelligible. Annabel, who had no brother, based her misanthropy on grounds of pure reason. But Susie, the youngest, who thought that if all men were only half as nice as her father they could not be altogether vile, wavered for a moment before signing. She had only just lately been building up for herself, out of surreptitionsly-read novels, a hero compounded of all the salient qualities of all the heroes of romance and history. It was very hard to give up this wonderful being, as she was conscientiously bound to do if she entered into the compact, especially as he had al-

So Susie, finding that two solid girl friends outbalanced one imaginary hero, however weighted he was with noblest attributes, signed him away in a little red scrawl, though it seemed to be her heart's blood she was sacrificing instead of her

Now maidens at school may propose unto themselves all kinds of delightful plans, but when they go out into the world they find circumstances too strong for the execution thereof. Thus it happened that years afterwards, not very many, but vaguely long to these maidens, when fingers were no longer inky, and oranges were no longer eaten with delicious sense of wrong-doing, in their bedrooms, and when Henry VIII himself was a mere dim impres-Henry VIII himself was a mere dim impression, they thought no more of the little house, that miniature Castle Adamant, in which they were to lead their idyllic existence. Marion, who was rich, lived in a great country-house in Perthahire; Annabel, who was poor, was making her way upon the London stage; and Susie was taking care of her father in a little Devonshire town. They corresponded voluminously, as is the way of maidens who have sworn eternal friendship, but, since that dark and tearful day when Marion left school, the three had never once found themselves together.

But at the beginning of one August, after dancing through a long London season, Marion found herself among the pines and larches and the glories of the Perthshire hills, together with Annabel and Susie. Of the three, Susie had changed the least; she was the same quiet, plafn-frocked little maiden she had been at school. But Annabel had the actress's towzled hair and daring gracefulness of costume, and Marion was the fashionable young lady with a

"Do you remember this?" asked Marion, the day after her guests had arrived. She was showing them her treasures. The one designated was an old leaf torn out of an exercise book, with three faint yellow scrawls at the bottom of it. Something of the school-girl was in them still, for they did not laugh at themselves.
"I have not altered my views," said Annabel, "and I shall always hold to them. The

more I see of men, and I see a good deal of them on the stage, the more am I convinced that they are a very inferior lot. I chucked one only the other day." "What do you mean?" asked Susie in

"I mean that I have refused one offer of marriage already."

"Well, so have I," said Marion. "And you, Susief Have you nobly kept to your bond, and taught one of these lower animals has position?"

"Yes," sighed Susie. She looked away and her eyes filled with tears. Evidently she did not find the rejection of suitors so "Tell us all about it, Susie."
"I can't; don't ask me about it please don't." And rising hurriedly, she left the

lawn, where the three were sitting, and ran into the house. The two girls looked

"I think that you and I weren't hit, and she is," said Annabel, smoothing her gown. "H'm. Perhaps more is learned from omission than admission," replied Marion. She said no more; but that evening before she went to sleep her tancies were not strictly in accordance with the tenor of the compact. Some one was coming soon whom she could not look upon as an inferior animal. He had not yet given her the chance of refusing him, it is true; butand at this "but" she stayed very pleasantly until she dropped asleep. As for Susie, a tender spot had been touched rather rudely. She lay awake, too, some that night. She thought of a certain handsome, penniless scapegrace in whose arms she cried bitterly on that last day when she had told him that she could not leave

her father against his will, and had promised to wait and wait until he made name and fame for himself. Indeed, old General Lee had threatened to horsewhip him if ever he dated speak or write to his daughter again; and the scapegrace, being an intelligent scapegrace, and knowing that the General was a man of his word, had prudently vanished into the unknown, taking Susie's heart with him.

Now on the 12th of August, the grouse who for long months had lived a happy life in the heather, enjoying all the privileges of social order and protective force, suddenly awoke to the fact that chaos was come again, and that the gaitered or barekneed beings who once guarded their interests so jealously. had turned into relently, inveterate foes. It was a bad day for grouse, but for Dickie Gray, who by this time had outgrown his taste for ferreting, except at very slack seasons, it was always a solemn festival to which he invited men with guns from all quarters of the kingdom. Then it was that the seclusion of the girls was rudely interrupted by an invasion of Dickie's friends. They were all very much like Dickie-honest, mustached, square-shouldered, thick-headed young Britons, who went about in twos and threes, and sinnk behind trees and stabledoors when the approach of a petticoat was imminent. They did not, therefore, weary the girls with their company. Except at dinner, they were scarcely ever visible to feminine eye. So many came and went, and they were all of such comical similarity that the girls at last gave up trying to remember their names or the times of their arrivals and departures. One Sunday morning Susie came down from her room about half-past 10 and went on to the terrace in front of the house. Down at the foot of the grounds ran the river, shading into a hundred tones with pool, and shallow, and steam, and topping the ragged, rocky bank patched with golden gorse rose a screen of fir, and larch, and russett beech; and then came heaving. swelling uplands, hills and hollows, giving the sense of perpetual motion. green with pasture land, dim yellow with cornfields, with here and there a tiny homestead send ing up its peat-amoke from behind the clumps of hr; and away beyond was the broad purple moor stretching upward and upward, melting imperceptibly into the

bine ngainst the sky.

slopes of the moontains that shimmered

home, but where she was Susie did not know. Not even a grouse-shooting young man was in sight. So Susie, cast upon her own resources, went down to the river.
There, however, she met Dickie and three young men, evidently bored with each other, and longing to break the Sabbath.
For once they welcomed Susie among them. The idea of seeking distraction in Their names were Marion Gray, Annabel Summers and Susie Lee, and the document which they drew up on a winter's afternoon, when they ought to have been writing an essay on the reign of Henry VIII, was as follows:

"We, the undersigned, being firmly convinced of the degeneracy and inferiority of vinced of the degeneracy and inferiority of the many things—the sacrosanctity of parr and the many things—the sacrosanctity of the many things-the sacrosanctity of parr and

smelt, and the grown-up responsibilities of a grilse, and the supernatural cunning of the trout. They also told her terrible tales of poschers, and how they were going

Then Dickie interrupted the conversa-tion, and asked her if she had "seen Hurst anywhere about?" Susie being, as before stated, only vaguely cognizant of the names of Dickie's

friends, replied simply: "I don't know." One of the youths came to her assistance.
"I don't think Miss Lee has met Hurst.
She was not down to breakfast this morning, and Hurst turned up late last night."

"If I meet a strange; lost-looking gentleman I will send him to you," said Susie, laughing. And she turned to go.

"Please don't leave us," chorused the

But Susie, with a little spirit of coquetry, thought she would punish them for previnice as her father they could not be altogether vile, wavered for a moment before
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building up for herself, out of surreptitiously-read novels, a hero compounded of
all the salient qualities of all the heroes of
romance and history. It was very hard to
give up this wonderful being, as she was
conscientiously bound to do if she entered
into the compact, especially as he had already condescended to allow her to worship him and seek the protection of his
strong right arm. Of course, she did not
tell her friends this, but they noticed her
reluctance. Annabel overpowered her
with metaphysics, and Marion came out
if you don't sign, you don't care a little
bit about us, and we will live in the little
house without you."

But Susie, with a little spirit of coquetry,
thought she would punish them for previons neglect, and departed from them up
the winding path through the larches that
led to the grounds. She went along the
trim walks between the smooth turf
that contrasted strangely with the
ranged gorse and whins below, with a
sad little thought for company. You see,
Hiurst was his name, and the mere mention
of it, though, of course, it belongs in this
sociations. She shook it away, however, and went in quest of Marion.
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the grounds. So Susie went out sgain
and wandered into all the shady corners
where the girls loved to dream over books
and needlework, and ventured from them to and needlework, and ventured into little alleys between great rhododendrons and Irish yews. At last she caught the gleam of a white skirt, and heard Marion's fresh

laughter. She ran to an opening.

"Oh! there you are, Marion. I've—"

Then she stopped, gave a little gasp, and turned deadly white. There was Marion, bright and happy enough, but around her waist was the arm of a handsome youth. The arm slipped away like a flash, and the owner thereof settled his shirt-cuffs, as every man does, as a preliminary, when in difficulties. Marion ran forward and seized Susie by the hands.

"You naughty, wicked little girl, to creep round corners like that," she whispered, blushing and embarrassed. "There, don't look so shocked. Run away, do, that's a dear, and perhaps l'll tell you all about it later. And, Susle—please don't tell Anna-

Susie ran away quickly, without a word, and, reaching her own room, threw herself on the bed, reeling and dizzy.

Marion turned round to her lover. The little scene had not taken twenty seconds.

"It was only Susie, Eric; but what do I

Care-now?"
Perhaps he ought to have kissed her for the little speech; but he did not. He took out his handerchief and wiped his fore-

"She is one of my great chums, you know," she went on, slipping her hand through his arm. "And she is such a dear little girl. I want you to be great friends with her. You will, won't you, for my

"Anything for your sake, dearest," replied the young man tenderly. "But I like Miss Lee for her sweet little self."
"Do you know her?" asked Marion, in delighted amazement. "Yes. Why not? I met her down in

Devonshire two or three summers ago." "And you got on well together?"

"Oh, yes." He paused for a moment as if embarrassed. "Only, of course, you know, I did not see very much of her."

Then he put his arm again round her waist, and they continued the talk of their life together and of the wonder that would

But Susie all the time was sobbing her heart out and fighting a great battle. When the luncheon bell rang, she went down into the morning-room, where some of the party had collected. Annabel came up to her with her little accentuated man-

"Why, child, what is the matter with

"Only tired. I've been standing in the sun all the morning, down by the river."
"The result of Sabbath-breaking. You should have come to kirk and listened to Mr. Macculloch for an hour and a quarter on predestination.'

Susie did not reply. She had met the giance of Eric Hurst, who was chatting with Dickie and two other youths. He seemed to hesitate for a moment, as if uncertain what to do. Then he came forward boldly and greeted her.

"How do you do, Miss Leef I never expected to see you down here."

Though each of the commonplace words

"I wonder whether the little goose looks cut into her like a knife, Susie did not fronts have straight tight collars made upon this nonsense as binding," said Ma-"How do you do, Mr. Hurst? I hope you will shoot plenty of grouse.'

Then she turned to Annabel, and Hurst went back to the men. "Who is that creature?" asked Annabel. "Mr. Hurst. I know him. I met him once in Devonshire."

"Oh, you met him in Devonshire," said Annabel. The sight of Marion's happy face as they went in to lunch was a severe shock to Susie. She had scarcely expected to find her there, or, if she did, to see her troubled and anxious, and overwrought like herself. For it had not entered her pure mind that Hurst, after their sudden meeting, had not made to Marion a confession of his past life. Even now she wondered whether Marion was playing a part, or had turned suddenly cruel and merciless. That noisy, mirthful meal was a terrible ordeal to her. She heard, vaguely, one of the youths telling Marion of her primitive ideas on fishing, and Marion's light-hearted laughter. No one seemed to notice her constraint. Mrs. Gray was busy at the head of the table. Hurst never looked at her, but joined rather wildly in the general conversation. Only Annabel glanced sharply

at her now and then. After lunch the men went away to smoke, and Susie, pleading a long letter to her father, would not join Marion and Annabel, but went by herself into a bay-window of the great drawing-room and sat down at a writing-table. From outside came in the sweet smell of mignonette and syrings and the buzz of the summer insects in the sun. But she buried her face in her hands and there remained, in the dull stuper of

She looked up, Eric Hurst was standing "Susie, for heaven's sake, let me say a word to you!"

She rose and looked at him with the pride of one who has changed with sudden vitterness from the child into the woman. "Are you engaged to Marion Gray!" The young man hung his head and craped the carpet with the point of his

"Yes, since this morning." And then he went on hurriedly: "Forgive me, Susie. I could not help myself. I aid love you, honestly, truly; and I love you still, but what is the good? Your father would never hear of it—and Marion cares for me—and you know, Susie, that one can't always do what one wishes in the world." "Why did you think it necessary to come and tell me this!" asked Susie, very

He was silent for a moment, and then an-"I thought I owed you an explanation."

He had expected a scene of tears and childish reproaches; this gentle sternness took him aback. "Your actions explain themselves, Eric. fon could never have cared much for me. have grown old now, and have forgotten those foolish days. But you have some letters and things of mine," she went on bravely, though her voice broke ever so little; "send them to me. Perhaps-per-

haps Marion might not like to see them." "Susie, darling!" exclaimed Hurst sud- | that the old man is Casimir von Mionezyu-After filling her eyes with this scene, Susie looked around for company. Annalove me, and I love you more than I ever but Count Potocki says that he will condid before. Don't let us part in this way. Tell me that you can love me and forgive man's wanderings is completed. "Because with this scene, denly, "don't talk like that. I see that you but Count Potocki says that he will condidate with Mrs. Gray. Marion had remained at Tell me that you can love me and forgive man's wanderings is completed."

me. I cannot help myself; I care for Marion and must marry her—but you are my first love. I come to you for pity and forgiveness, Susie."

"And can Marion marry you in spite of all this!" asked Susie in the same tone.

"But Marion does not know—of course

She started back as if he had struck her. Not only was she unprepared for this answer, but its tone implied anxiety lest Marion should ever know.

Then Susie sat down again and put her face in her hands.

"Go away, now; you have said enough; I see it all. You are marrying Marion for her money. I did love you a moment ago—but now—I despise you."

"Susie!" cried Hurst, kneeling down by to deli But she thrust away his hand, and, with-

out a word, went from the room. When he found himself alone, for the second time that day, Mr. Eric Hurst took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead.

Now was Susie face to face with a great problem. Ought she to keep silent and let Marion marry this man who was not worthy of her? Or should she tell Marion allf No; this seemed too much like revenge. What should she dof

But later on in the day Marion came to her, brimming full with her own happi-ness, and sat down by her side and spoke about her lover, as maidens will. And then Susie threw her arms about her friend's neck and burst into tears. "God bless you, Marion, dear—see that he loves you and makes himself worthy of you—and if you don't ever see me again, you will think of Susie sometimes, won't

"You silly child. you will come and stay with us for weeks when we are married." "No-I can't leave dad again-he is getting old-and I must go to him to-morrow."
So Susic kept stlent, and Marion married
Eric Hurst, who did not make her a bad husband, as husbands go. It was one of those good marriages that Rochefoucauld speaks about: "Il n'y a point de delicieux." A little later on Annabel married in her own profession. But Susie remains quietly in her little Devonshire home with her dad, for the real fairy prince has not yet ridden up to her door. The only one of the three school-girls who shrank from signing the famous compact is the only one who has kept to her bond.

It is the way of the world. -All the Year Round SPRING FASHIONS.

A little later on capes of every variety

In all wool as well as silk goods there is a decided tendency to light up the deli-cately toned backgrounds with dashes of

Princess dresses for the street as a rule have coat fronts; they also appear with slight hip draperies. Fan-pleated backs are still popular on dress skirts. For misses between the ages of eight and sixteen nothing could be prettier than the simple Scotch gingham, with its full, plain

skirt, big bunchy sleeves shirred into a cuff of embroidery and a flaring collar of needle-No more blanket modes for the really stylish woman. Instead she now delights in robing herself in the softest of weaves.

Clinging materials that fall about the

tigure in artistic folds are the rage, and she is a wise creature who acknowledges this Upon many of the loveliest house gowns may still be seen angelic-looking draperies. which take the shape of sleeves, these fall-ing to the hem of the skirt. When slashed to the shoulder an under-sleeve of filmy white, gathered into a band of silver, is

Crisp muslins and delicate chambrays are all aglow with rare art shades which seek expression in flowers of every size and shape, from the most gorgeous of hot-house plants to the tiniest wildwood favorite. With these light draperies are worn corselet, cutis, collar and waist ribbons of

An oddity in ribbon-run trimming appears upon the sweet dimity gown or the toilet of fine chambrey. Just above the hem of the skirt button holes are worked and an inch-wide ribbon is carried through them. These button holes may be placed upon any part of the dress with excellent

Simple effects in street costuming are the acme of style, but with this pronounced simplicity will be found a finish that verges upon extravagance. Let your costume of modest serge be bereft of the silken-hued lining and rustling petticoat of the same dainty fabric, and at once the gown loses that charm of detail so necessary to the daughters of chicdom.

Lace berthas, fichus, and Stuart and Lace berthas, fichus, and Stuart and Rubens collars appear on new and beantiful art toilets; also belts and sashes of handsome silk and satin ribbons, both plain and richly figured. The Recamier frill is extensively used on evening bodices that are cut in half-low, rounding fashion. The wide lace is gathered around the entire neck, falling evenly front and back, or, if preferred, is caught up high on the shoulders. This bertha is made of both black and white lace; also of flowered chiffon and embroidered India-silk muslin.

The prettiest adjuncts to the toilet yet brought out for spring are the new fancy fronts with band collars. These are made of soft dark silks, to be worn inside the open reefer jackets, or of chiffon and lace in light evening colors, but they are worn alike with the roughest of wool gowns or the dressiest of silk toilets. These tocks of our grandfathers, from which this is a front that reaches quite to the waist line. The outside ruffle is often of a different color from the real front, as black lace over blue, cream chiffon and lace over blue. Sometimes the stock collar is of front of the same material with an exquisitely embroidered ruffle nestling in its

AN ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRE.

He Planned a Sham Funeral and Kept ar Eye on His Heir's Administration. New York Sun.

From Austria, the land of eccentric noblemen, comes a story without a parallel in the recent record of human idiosyncrasies. The Galician millionaire, Casimir Von Mionezynski, was removed from his vast estates near Lemberg to an asylum for the insane in Dobling. at his own instance, about eight years ago. About five months later his death was aunounced. It was said that he died in the night, and the properly-drawn certificate of the physician was to the effect that death was caused by beart disease. In the morning after the night when the death was reported the other physicians saw that the closed coffin was carried to the family burying ground and there interred, without baving been opened in the presence of the millionaire's friends. The heir of the Mionezynski property, Count Nicodem Potocki, took possession of the estates. The departed nobleman left neither wife nor children. About the middle of December the ten-

ants of the Count were astonuded at midday to see the bent figure of a man exactly resembling Casimir von Mionczynski pass along the road. The old man spoke to all a voice that recalled visions their former landlord, and most of the peasants fled in superstitious fright from the sound. Hardly less fright was caused at the castle when the old man sent in a card bearing the words, "Casimir von Mionezynski." When Count Potocki met him the old man explained that he had given the physician who gave out his death certificate at the asylum and conducted the mock funeral \$5,000 for his part in the plan and a promise not to reveal the fraud until after the physician's death. That event had been announced, he said, and he, therefore, had returned to his estate. The old man said he had taken securities for about \$50,000 abroad with him and had lived on the interest. His object in all this remarkable performance was to discover, he said, how his heir would administer his property after his death. That story was treated rather gingerly at first by Count Potocki. but the discovery by disluterment that the coffin from the asylum had been buried empty increased the suspicion of truth

aroused by the old man's personal appear-The old man's story of his wanderings abroad is under investigation, and meantime he is inquiring into the management of his property, which he claims as his own. The editor of the Dziennik Polski is sure READING FOR SUNDAY.

Thy works, O Lord, interpret Thee,
And through them all Thy love is shown;
Flowing about us like a sea,
Yet steadfast as the eternal throne.

Out of the light that runneth through
Thy hand the lily's dress is spun;
Thine is the brightness of the dew.
And Thine the glory of the sun.

International Sunday-School Lesson for Feb. 28, 1892. JEREMIAH PERSECUTED. (Jer. XXXVII, Golden Text-I am with thee, saith the Lord, to deliver thee. (Jer. i, 19.) HOME READINGS.

M.—Jeremiah persecuted...Jer. xxxvii, 11-21.
Tu.—Cause of the persecution.Jer. xxxvii, 1-10.
W.—Fidelity to truth...Jer. xxvi, 8-15.
Th.—Encouragement...Jer. i, 13-19
F.—Blessing in sorrow...Luke vi, 20-26. COMMENTS ON THE LESSON.

New York independent Imagine the triumph of the party against Jeremiah when the Babylonian army left. Now, said they, the prophecy is proved wrong, and the Egyptians have succored us. It was only a respite, such as many a man has to encourage him in a life of sin.

Jeremiah's language was very blunt, "It is a lie." There are times when strong language is called for, and we should not be slow to use it. Be angry, and sin not. Yet such rough language is more likely to be

Notice the Eastern cruelty. The princes had no evidence against Jeremiah; his explanation was a reasonable one. But they cared not for justice, only to stop a dangerous mouth. So they put him in a foul cell, unfed, but first scourged him. There was no prison reform in those days, but prisoners might and did die of hunger and

Zedekiah did not feel safe. He had been made king by the Babylonians, and he knew that he owed his loyalty there rather than to Egypt: but he had been persuaded by the princes, and now probably the Babylonian army was returning and he was afraid. It was fear that led him to call Jeremiah.

Zedekiah wanted to know if there was a message for him from the Lord. What he wanted was a new and different message same old one. But there was only the same old message. Men would like to dictate to God. and want some relief, some permission in their sin. So it is that a rumseller takes a great comfort in the fact that he has what he calls a license to sell, as if from the old one. Dut there was only the

that excused him. Zedekish was an earlier Nicodemus. of a poorer sort. We must not blame him too much, for he lacked the strength of mind to decide or do for himself. Weak men are not to be blamed like strong men. Ahab was not as bad as Jeroboam or Jezebel. But that does not make him guilt.ess.

In his danger and suffering Jeremiah did not flinch at all, but gave the message in its full severity. He was a man of great courage, though of deep feeling. A teacher must not say smooth things, but tell a hearer all the truth.

hearer all the truth.

Tell the truth, though the heavens fall, is a good rule. It is equally true that the truth is not to be spoken at all times to those who have no right to know. A fool tells everything, when a wise man holds his tongue. But falsehood is always to be avoided, and the full truth told to those who have a right to know. Especially does patriotism demand that we deal truly with the sins or errors of the people or country.

We observe with Jeremiah's faithfulness his meek polyteness to the king. He began his meek politeness to the king. He begs him submissively for release. He was only true, never insulting.

Of General Interest. It is expected that not less that 25,000 delegates will be in attendance at the next, the eleventh, anniversary of the United States Society of Christian Endeavor, which convenes July 7 in Madisonsquare Garden, Yew York.

Cardinal Manning was faithful to the last to his total abstinence principles. His horror of alcoholic drinks was so great that his physicians were compelled to find pharmacopæial substitutes when they considered it necessary to adopt a stimulant

The death is announced of Dr. Kuenen, of Leyden, perhaps the most noted Biblical scholar of the day. He is said to have been the most learned man that Holland has produced since Erasmus. He created a greal sensation in announcing his theory that Denteronomy was the first in order of time of the books of the Pentatench, regarding it as being substantially the book which was found by Hilkiah in

the Temple. The baby brigade is the latest form of missionary work in New York. The brigade is formed of young ladies who go to the houses of the mothers and care for the little ones on Sunday morning or evening, to permit the mothers' attendance at a place

From statistics presented at a meeting in New York city, it appears that there are 875 Sunday-schools in the city. The Episcopalians have the largest number, 85; the Presbyterians come next with 72; the Methodists have 68; the Baptists 46, and the remaining 104 are divided among the other denominations. The total membership is 123,000, as against 207,809 in the public schools.

The Roman Catholic Propaganda has in its efforts to regain the Protestant north falls in front half way to the waist a ruffle of Europe, sparing neither money nor men of lace or chiffon edged with lace. Beneath | in this work. Some progress has been made in Sweden; in Denmark the Catholic Church is proportionately better equipped and more completely manned than in any other country on the globe. In Schleswig-Holstein the number of Catholics has alcream-colored chiffon, and the full soft | most doubled in the last seven years. In 1886 the contingent was 12,217; according to the last enumeration it was 21,798,

Thoughts for the Day. Human work must be done honorably and thoroughly because we are now men whether we expect to be angels or ever were slugs being practically no matter.

-John Ruskin. No idlest word thou speakest but is a seed cast into time, and grows through all eternity.-Carlyle. A mother's example sinks down into the

heart of her child like snowflakes into the neart of the ocean .- H. O. Ward. The love of the mother is but one drop of the ocean as compared with the love of the great Father of mankind-infinite, infinite. -Henry Ward Beecher.

That purest heaven, be to other souls The cup of strength in some great agony Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love, Beget the smiles that have no cruelty. Be the sweet presence of a good diffused. And in diffusion even more intense, So shall I join the choir invisible Whose music is the gladness of the world.

-George Ellot. Work for some good, be it ever so slowly! Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly. Labor! all labor is noble and holy: Let thy great deed be thy prayer to thy God.

Not all who seem to fall have failed indeed: Not all who fail have therefore worked in vain For all our acts to many issues lead; And out of earnest purpose, pure and plain, Enforced by toil of honest hand or brain, The Lord will fashion in His own good time Be this the laborers' proudly humble creed— Such ends as to His wisdom fittest chime With His vast love's eternal harmonies.

They Break Loose Again.

Chicago Tribune. "Perhaps you can tell me," observed the exchange editor, grasping his shears and looking to see if his paper-weights were ready for instant use, "why explorer Peary should be a good diplomatist.' "Certainly I can," said the real-estate editor, placing his heavy cane within reach; "beenuse he's away up in the 'Chillyin' sitnation. And now, perhaps, you can explain," he added, raising his voice, "how he keeps himself warm." "Anybody can answer that," snorted the

exchange editor. "He puts his Arctics on

"No, that isn't it." "It isn't!" "No. He moves about in the highest cir-"That wouldn't keep him warm." "I say it would." "And I know it wouldn't."

"Why not?"

"Hecause he would have to go in his bearskin."

And they sat and glared at each other defiantly.

been of great practical use in speech.

The bridal veil had its origin in a piece of cloth which was anciently held over the bride to conceal her maiden blushes. In the case of widows this canopy, which was yes, yes, every note of it, as you play it— And they sat a defiantly.

Changed His Mind.

Mr. Goff, he Bought the coffee,

Spite of all his wife could say;

Much averse he

Was to Jersey, And quite willful in his way.

Never tried it. But denied it

Was, as claimed, "the very best."

"No new coffee,"

Mr. Goff, he Said he "wouldn't make the test."

He insisted,

Wife resisted. And we now the sequel tell:

She bought Jersey,

And what's worse, he Had to own he liked it well.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR

Jersey

AND TAKE NO OTHER IF YOUR GROCER HASN'T IT, GO TO THE NEXT ONE.

"Fill me up another cup," said Mr. Goff; "that's the best Coffee I ever drank in my life. Maria, we'll never have any other than JER-SEY COFFEE in this house."

## DAYTON SPICE MILLS COMPANY DAYTON, Ohio.

FRANK S. FISHBACK, Indianapolis, Manufacturers' Agent for Indiana

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Bait mouse traps with pumpkin seeds. It is a better bait than cheese. In 1828 the Scotch Parliament passed a law permitting women to propose to men during the reign of Queen Margaret. Madagascar people work twenty-five days in a year and make enough then to support them in idleness the rest of the

Chemists say it takes less than half the smount of sugar to sweeten preserves if the sugar is put in after the cooking has com-

There are four hundred widows of confederate soldiers on the Georgia State pension list, which compels an annual tax of

On the tenth day of December, 1825, 770 banks stopped payment. The Bank of England's credit was saved by the timely issue of one-pound notes. The gray hair of an Elbert county, Geor-gia, woman, eighty-seven years old, is fall-ing out and being replaced by a luxuriant growth of jet black locks, so it is said.

In 1703 the first Russian newspaper was published, and so much interest was taken in it that the great Peter himself wrote some of its editorials and corrected proofs. Eight hundred and forty yards of cotton thread, weighing one pound, is numbered 1. If a pound contains twice that number of yards the number is 2, and so on down the During the English protectorate over

Egypt irrigation had been extended in almost every direction, thus increasing the agricultural productions to a wonderful The earliest reference to shaving of the

beard is found in Genesis, chapter xii., verse 14, where we read that Joseph, on being summoned before the King, shaved The fish-hook of thirty centuries back

was precisely similar in every respect to the fish-hooks of to-day, save only in the metal employed, which then was bronze and now is steel. In portions of South America chocolate is used as currency, as also are cocoanuts and eggs. Corn is still used for a similar purpose in some parts of Norway, as opium is in parts of China.

From an early date the Chinese seem to have constructed suspension bridges of considerable magnitude, one in the province of Junnan, constructed in the year 65 A. D., being the most celebrated. White ash leaves are shunned by rattlesnakes. It is said that a rattlesnake placed in a circle, one-half of which is

formed of ash leaves and the other half of live coals, will cross the coals rather than touch the leaves. Of Waterloo veterans France has eight left. There are two who took part in the retreat from Moscow; and altogether there are now living eighteen or twenty of Napoleon's veterans, of whom several are

centenarians. The largest power dam yet built in this country will be that now in process of construction across the Colorado river at Austin, Tex. It will be, when completed, 1,150 feet long, sixty feet high, and eighteen feet wide at the top. A tame ground-hog is owned at Moberly,

Mo. He went into winter quarters under the house Dec. 1, and on the 2d of February he appeared on the surface and went about his business all day, although it was cloudy from morning till night. In Algeria there is a small river which is really and truly writing ink. Two streams -one strongly impregnated with iron, the other, flowing through the peat moss, con-

they unite they form a river of ink. If the motion of the earth were suddenly arrested, the temperature produced would be sufficient to melt and even volatilize it; while, if it fell into the sun as much beat would be produced as results from the com-bustion of 5,000 spheres of carbon the size A knowledge of the physiology of the human larynx has made it possible to sup-

ply artificial voices to persons who have been deprived of their own. Many instances are given where, by the insertion of suitable rubber membranes, they have been of great practical use in speech.

called the "care cloth," was considered yes, indeed. I was entranced by your—er quite unnecessary. A necessary portion of the costume of an English bride of the catch that composer, I'll shoot him. middle ages was a carving-knife stuck in

The following advertisement appeared in the New York Gazette of Sept. 4, 1732: "Just arrived from Great Britain, and are to be Sold on board the Ship Alice and Elizabeth, Captain Paine Commander, sev-eral likely Welch and English Servant Men, most of them Tradesmen. Whoever inclines to purchase any of them may agree with said Commander, or Mr. Thomas Noble, Merchant, at Mr. Hazard's, in New York; where also is to be sold several Negro Girls and a Negro Boy, and likewise good Cheshire cheese."

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

First Cockroach-I wish I knew what to do this afternoon. Second Cockroach—Come around to my 5 o'clock insect powder.

Even One May Prove Teo Much. Yankee Blade. Suitor-I come to ask for your daughter's Her Father-She is my only daughter. Suitor-Well, sir, one is all I want.

Visible Evidence, First Foreigner (in New York)—I wonder what building that ist Second Foreigner-That must be the City Hall. Don't you sees the Irish flag floating

"How do you make your paper go, any how? I never see it anywhere."
"We print pictures of prominent men, and they buy it."
"To distribute?"

A Grand Plan.

"Oh, no; to destroy."

over it?

"Is Mr. Newcombe at home, Ma'am?"
"Not just now, sir; but I'm his landlady, and you can leave any message with me

came here, ma'am, to kill him!" "Oh, sir! please, sir; please don't, please! He is behind two months' board!"

Fired All Around. Scribbler-Good morning, sir. A week or so ago I submitted to you a manuscript, entitled, "The Injustice Done to Authors." Editor-Yes, I remember it.

by an impulse I could not resist.

Editor-So was the manuscript, sir, About Ajaz. Texes Biftings. "Father," asked Tommy, "why did Ajax defy the lightning?" "Because, my son, Ajax was a French duelist, and the lightning was known to miss five thousand times where it hit once.
Moreover, it was eight hundred miles
away, and wasn't lightning at that time.
Ajax knew whom to defy."

Scribbler-When I wrote that I was fired

From Despair to Rejoicing.

Editor-Your manuscript was so badly spelled that we found it almost impossible to make out the sense of it, and-Literary aspirant-I-I'm very sorry, sir; Editor-And so we have decided to use it as a French Canadian dialect story. Check will be sent on publication.

Knew the Answer to that Question. Brook yn Citizen. Sunday-school Teacher-Who made the oun and the moon stand still? First Boy-Adam.

Sunday-school Teacher—No. Second Boy—Moses. Sunday-school Teacher—No: what's the matter with Joshua! Class (in unison)-He's all right! The Boiler Burst.

Gallant Cowboy (after a soul-wearying performance by pretty hostess)-Er-what

At the Captain's Table. Miss Barton (to sea-captain)-How do you like living all your life on water, Cap-Captain-I doesn't do it, ma'am. I live mostly on whisky, ma'am."

Little Pet Explained. Mamma (with her best company smile)pet, when you walk across the floor!

Little Daughter—I is afraid I'll kick up
zat new rug, an' show the holes wat's un-

Occasion for Restraint.

"Easy, my dear," he said, as she snug-gled against his manly breast.
"You're a selfish thing," she responded, pettishly. "You're afraid of my crushing your hateful old cigars." "No, my dear. I have a ten-dellar bill in my pocket, and I'm afraid you might break it."

Mr. Jolliboy-My gracious! This oldfashioned snow-storm makes me feel young again. Little Johnny should be over at the hill, coasting, instead of sitting in a stuffy school-room such grand weather as this.
I'll go up to the school and find him.
Mrs. J. (quietly)—Perhaps, my dear, you
might save some steps by looking for him

on the hill first. Ye Modern Grammar, Good News. Mother-It's terribly late. Why in the world don't you go to bed? Little Daughter-I'm studyin' my gram mar lesson. "But you said the teacher gave you only one rule to-day, and you learned that in

three minutes.' "Yes'm." "Then why are you poring over that grammar at 11 o'clock at night?" "I'm learnin' the 'xceptions.'

The Young Man Sends a Valentine. See the man. He is a young man. He is walking through the obscure streets. He creeps stealthily. He looks ashamed. Is the young man ashamed! He is ashamed Has the young man done something! We shall see.

See the postoffice. Many people are there. See the young man. He is there. He looks scared. Is he scared? Very likely. He eagerly scans each face. He sees not a soul he knows. He does not seem to wish to meet any of his friends Does he wish to meet any of his friends See the letter in the young man's hand.

He tries to act as if it was an ordinary let-ter. Does he want folks to think it is an ordinary letterf Well, rather. See the young man glance furtively about. He pretends that he has no interest in the letter as he drops it into the box See him pretend. Is the young man a dissimulator! He is, Is everybody onto him! Everybody is "Was the letter a valentine! It was a Why are young men ashamed to send valentines? Nobody knows.

